

A ballat intituled Northumberland newes /

VVherin you maye see what Rebelles do vse.

¶ Come tomlinge downe come tomlinge downe.

That will not yet be trewe to the Crowne.



YOU Northcountrie nobles whiche be ye so bragge
To rise and raise honoz to Romish renowne
You knowe that at Tiborne there standeth a Hagge
For suche as will neuer be trewe to the crowne.
Come tomlinge. &c.

What meane ye to followe the man in the Moone,
With battz bowes and arrows and billes verpe browne.
His Myninge with shame will be shadowed so soone,
It will greue him that euer he troubled the Crowne.
Come tomlinge. &c.

Though he Poperie wrought a greate while a gor,
That Percie prouoked Kinge Harry to frowne.
Yet who wolde haue thought there were any moe,
That wold not yet be trewe to the Crowne.
Come tomlinge. &c.

Our Queene is the daughter of Henry theight,
Who brought euery Alter and Imagerie downe.
He leste her and taught her a remedie streight,
For anye that wold not be trewe to the Crowne.
Come tomling. &c.

And though you do greete her like Traytours with treason
To whom you owe honour with cappe and knee downe.
I am surr that saint Peter will sape it is reason,
To rule ye that will not be trewe to the Crowne.
Come tomling. &c.

And though ye you do sape ther is matter amis,
Whiche you wold redresse by noble Renowne.
What any waye worse then Rebellion is,
Of any that will not be true to the Crowne.
Come tomlinge. &c.

What Strangers can be, moze straunger then ye,
That gather together bothe carter and clowne.
And studie to sturre to seeke and to see,
Whiche waie to deuisse to trouble the Crowne.
Come tomlinge. &c.

Sy: Ihon Shorne your moztowe Masse Priest,
Saythe to Lobbe looke aboute will ye knele downe.
We will haue a Masse before Iesus Christ,
And that is the waye to trouble the Crowne.
Come tomlinge. &c.

The knightes to theyr knaues sape Riche and be stowt,
Our banners and staves shall bynge vs Renowne.
We haue Nobles and others that be as deuout,
To helpe vs at this time to trouble the Crowne.
Come tomlinge. &c.

The Rebelles come singinge but what cometh after,
A longe worthe the singinge hey downe a downe downe.
A Tyborne Tippet a coope or a halter,
For anye that will not be trewe to the Crowne.
Come tomlinge. &c.

For though ye spoile Churches and burne by the Bible,
And worshippe gale Crosses in euery towne.
Your Idoles you asses are neuer possible,
To saue ye that will not be trewe to the Crowne.
Come tomlinge. &c.

And though ye do carie the banner of foze,
And Iolie rounde Robyn vnder your gotone.
You knowe that saint George hath a prausinge hoze,
Canne make enie Rebell to stoope to the Crowne.
Come tomlinge. &c.

The Westmerland Bull must come to the stake,
The Lyon will roze still till he be downe.
Northumberland then will tremble and quake,
For woe that he was so false to the Crowne.
Come tomlinge. &c.

And Catholiques old that hold with the Pope,
And carie dead Images vppe and downe.
To take better holde they shall haue a Roope,
To teache them once to be trewe to the Crowne.
Come tomlinge. &c.

Let euery Priest that saythe anye Masse,
Either chule to take the Crucifixe downe.
Or hange as highe as the Crucifixe was,
Except he will be trewe to the Crowne.
Come tomlinge. &c.

For God is a God of Ielousie suche,
He lokes to haue his holye Renowne.
Or elles he will mispke verye muche,
To geue anye one his excellent Crowne.
Come tomlinge. &c.

God prosper the Quene as I truste that he shall,
And graunt of his mercie with blessed Renowne.
The North, and West, countrie, the south, east, and all,
The people of Englande maye cleaue to the Crowne.
Come tomlinge.

And I wishe that Good Preachers & other trewe teachers,
Wolde visite the bynarde whole branches be downe.
That all the North Countrie yet nosseid in Poperie,
Might knowe theyr duetie to God and the Crowne.
Come tomlinge. &c.

Finis quoth. W. E.

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